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THE WHITE SUNLIGHT OF POTENT WORDS

REV. JOHN S. MAC INTOSH. D.D.

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

THE WHITE SUNLIGHT

OF

POTENT WORDS.

AN ORATION

BY

REV. JOHN S. MACINTOSH, D.D.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY UPON THE OCCASION OF ITS EIGHTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, HELD AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1881.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE most ennobling of all the arts which seek to express the highest truth, the divinest beauty and the greatest good, is the *Art of Oratory*. It flourishes, like its sister Fine Arts, only with advancing culture and civilization.

The ancient and learned Aryans of India to their other systems added a methodical treatment of the laws of expressive speech. The æsthetic Greeks cultivated this divine art to the highest perfection, and the Romans attained in this, as in other arts, an imperial eminence. Quintilian is still referred to as authority upon the laws of oratory, and the orations of Demosthenes and Æschines, of Cicero and Hortensius, are as classic and beautiful as the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles and the paintings of Raphael and Angelo. They embody principles of oratory as eternal as the nature of man, and because of this they will be sought as models for all time.

Modern civilization has produced many good and a few great orators; but the art of Oratory, like the arts of Sculpture and Painting, still wants the artistic perfection of the classic periods.

Everywhere schools have been established, and many great teachers of oratorical expression have labored with devotion to evolve a true philosophy of this noble art. In this way theories, methods and systems have been advanced, and possibly the ultimate principles have been reached. Whether fully or partially attained, the healthful growth of the art seems to demand a change of plans of instruction, in harmony with an age which organizes progress through systems and co-operation. The introduction of the college system, by which students are enabled to pursue their work with the assistance of a corps of professors who are specialists, promises to go far toward meeting this demand. This must secure many advantages, because a single instructor, be he ever so good, can hardly fail to fall short in something when he assumes the whole work of training an orator.

The late Prof. J. W. SHOEMAKER, founder of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, early recognized this need, and conceived the idea of instituting and organizing a school with co-operative departments under special instructors. The original purpose of the institution was to prepare men and women to be graceful in conversation, to give social or professional readings and recitations, to teach elocution and oratory, and to speak well in the pulpit, at the bar, in the hall of legislation, in the lyceum and on the platform. The ultimate purpose is to educate the orator, and to this end to incorporate full departments under able specialists—in Elocution and Oratory; in Literature, Logic and Languages; in Composition, Criticism and Critical Shakespeare; in History; and in Mental Science and Moral Philosophy.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory was instituted September 1, 1873, since which time its pupils have numbered 1261 and its graduates 346. It now has twenty Professors and Lecturers.

The *First Annual Commencement* was held in the American Academy of Music, June 11, 1874, and was perhaps the first Com-

mencement ever held by a school of this character. Rev. Bishop Simpson offered prayer, Hon. James Pollock, LL.D., delivered the inaugural address, and Col. John W. Forney the Commencement Oration. Subject, "Conversation." The first Catalogue and Prospectus was issued this year, showing eighty-eight students.

The *Second*, April 2, 1875. The Oration was delivered by Dr. J. G. Holland. Subject, "The Elements of Personal Power." Chartered this year by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The *Third*, May 29, 1876. The Commencement Oration was delivered by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Subject, "Oratory." Gen. John F. Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, made the Introductory Address. This oration has been published.

The *Fourth*, April 24, 1877. The Commencement Oration was delivered by Hon. Bayard Taylor. Subject, "Literature as an Art."

The *Fifth*, June 11, 1878. The Commencement Oration was delivered by Wallace Bruce, Esq. Subject, "Womanhood in Shakespeare."

The *Sixth*, June 10, 1879. The Commencement Oration was delivered by Bishop Matthew Simpson. Subject, "The Demand for Schools of Oratory." Prof. J. W. Shoemaker, A. M., delivered the Address to the Graduates.

The *Seventh*, June 8, 1880, Rev. Richard H. Allen, D. D., presiding. Rev. R. D. Harper, D. D., offered prayer. The Commencement Oration was delivered by the late eminent Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D. Subject, "Art and Nature in Elocution."

The *Eighth*, June 14, 1881. The Rev. R. D. Harper, D. D., presided. Rev. Dr. Danforth offered prayer. The last Commencement was like those which preceded it. The stage was well filled by the large graduating classes, and its front was decorated with beautiful flowers in baskets, vases and bouquets. The American Academy of Music was filled to overflowing. Expectant thousands of Philadelphia's most intelligent people had assembled to witness the graduating exercises of classes whose members were collected from States in every part of the Nation and the Canadas; and to listen to the rich thought, the splendid diction, the superb elocution and the glowing eloquence of the scholarly orator of the evening.

For eight successive years these Annual Commencements have been held in the American Academy of Music in the presence of crowded and appreciative houses. The graduating exercises of the classes, the competition by selected graduates for the elocutionary and the oratorical prizes, the unusual eminence of the Commencement orators, and the choice music, have all combined to make these anniversaries among the most pleasing and most popular of the annual Commencements held at the Academy.

The Commencement Oration was delivered by the Rev. John S. MacIntosh, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. His masterful oration, on "The White Sunlight of Potent Words," is here published in pamphlet form for general circulation and for the use of students. W. S. S.

"THE WHITE SUNLIGHT OF POTENT WORDS."

ORATION

BY

REV. JOHN S. MACINTOSH.

Of the countless acts of kindness and gratifying expressions of esteem that have marked and sweetened my return after long absence to my native city and beloved land, among the very foremost and most flattering must be ranked by me the strongly-expressed invitation to deliver this annual address before Philadelphia's critical sons and cultured daughters.

From this honorable task I, not unnaturally nor surprisingly, at first shrank. Knowing on the one side so well the distinguished and masterly speakers who, to your pleased profit and to their own enhanced fame, had preceded me upon this stage of perfect speech and purest song, and had made this oration at once a high honor and a toil-fraught duty, and knowing upon the other side even better at once my native inability to stand a peer of such famous forerunners, and also the stern, distracting pressure of clamant and incessant work in this fresh field and amid a thousand thought-troubling circumstances which made

adequate preparation for me an insuperable impossibility, I had twice felt it my plain duty to put away from me the delightful labor and the tempting request. But the pleadings of a lady whose worth and work demand most sympathetic consideration, and the persuasions of friends whose words of request are stronger than the commands of a master, have at last placed me where I shall need all the gracious indulgence which hard-wrought and overtasked men so freely extend to an overstrained brother, and the tender consideration which thoughtful gentlewomen never fail to show to the plain, blunt man who simply tells the thoughts that inly move him.

Yet not of constraint, but willingly, am I here this night. For me it is a pure, strong joy to face my bright and stirring theme, to front this inspiriting throng and forecast the toilsome but triumphant days that shall summon out the powers of these ardent students of the art of speech: the place, the audience, the object of our gathering, are cheering and pleasant; and I feel that around me is playing a soft and kindly light as I come to speak to you of "The White Sunlight of Potent Words," longing as I do that soon in our glorious land all our spokesmen shall be true-souled prophets, whose utterances, light-born and light-shedding, shall prove them children of the light, whose luminous words shall chase night and spread day in a hundred fields of thought, and be, therefore, words of power well chosen and perfectly spoken.

This striking phrase, "The white sunlight of potent words," occurs in one of *his* books who was himself no mean sun in the literary world, whose words were truly forces: I mean that freshest and most striking instance of Atavism which our English-speaking nation has ever studied, Carlyle's worshipful portraiture

of his strong-souled, true-tongued, clean-handed, God-fearing father. As the stern son depicts so vividly his sterner sire, he presents him to us as one who loved the white sunlight of exact truth and told his own clear thoughts in potent words. As I read them the terms engraved themselves upon my memory, and as I searched for my subject they flashed back with light and furnished me with the theme desired—one not, perchance, inappropriate to this occasion. These words of Carlyle seemed to me to set forth with sunny vividness and striking freshness exactly what each lover of eloquence, what all earnest, practical, successful speakers, what you in this prosperous, admirably-conducted and influential school of oratory, seek to understand, appreciate and acquire—*the prophet's secret*, the strength and beauty of thoughtful, cultured, impressive and impulsive speech. Of speech, I say, the might and magic of the spoken soul; not scripture, the written soul; for scripture—that is, writing—is at the best but the precious and splendid artifice to embalm thought and perpetuate some silent emblems of the once-active spirit-life; but speech, hot, glowing, fresh-born, fire-kindling speech, that indeed is more than kingly power: "the tongue is the glory of man." O precious, awful power wherewith we may yield high glory to God and minister grace and good to men! how shall I make this sublime gift serve its destined ends, change its grand possibility into glorious potency? how shall I perfect into a true servant of my fellows and an acceptable sacrifice to my Maker this divine gift? how shall I find, fashion, fling forth those winged words that prove my heavenly origin—those arrows of the soul that, tipped with fire and swifter than lightning, slay the monsters of wrong; those spirit-waves, living and life-giving, that break fresh out of the sea of life

and roll onward and upward till they strike upon the footstool of my listening Lord?

How shall I attain to this the one true ideal of a true spokesman? By making speech—and only by making speech—a revelation of realities; a revelation exact, reliable, challenging tests the keenest, eyes the strongest. Such revelation is light, for light is that which makes manifest; and the grace, the grandeur, the glory of speech is the manifestation of truth to the creatures of conscience. Such manifestation of truth, clean, exact, luminous, is light—yes, white light; and that is the very life and essence of the highest eloquence and the truest oratory.

Days there are in autumn when the air seems to have been filtered through some pure fleecy medium and made absolutely dry; when the light is wholly colorless, with an all-penetrating, razor-like keenness in it; when the sun pours down beams from which, like his Master's sight, nothing is hidden: then all things stand out sharply cut, fully unfolded, exactly known, in the white light. Such light, such revelation, is the ideal of eloquence; with it we have the very life and essence of this in many respects highest of the fine arts.

There is, or ought to be, a soul in speech.

As in ourselves we have three great parts—life, form, action, or, in other words, essence, embodiment, exercise—so in oratory there is the essence, or the substance, or the throbbing, thrilling, informing life; and then there is the expression, the embodiment, in the appropriate harmonious forms of actual utterance; and then there is the exercise, the action, of the whole man, wherein lies the witchery, the spell, of speech.

I. The Essence or Substance of Eloquence.

Here, as so often, a false start is ruin, but well begun is half ended. Start with the true substance, seek first the strength of speech—which is truth, reality—and you will in due time, because loving truth, add beauty, grace and sweetness. But foolishly reverse the order—start with, think first of, aim chiefly after, beauty—and you will never reach the highest beauty, and utterly miss strength. It is the voice, therefore, not only of a holy morality, but also of high reflective art, of a really noble, resistless eloquence, that falls upon our ear as we catch the old words, clarion-like and commanding: Speak ye every man truth with his neighbor.

Search the eloquence of the past for the secret of its great strength, and you will find truth—truth which to this very hour makes the manly yet skilful pleadings of Judah for the suspected Benjamin before the disguised Joseph, the swelling periods of Moses, the blunt, soldier-like sentences of Joshua, the lightning-flashes of Nathan's attack on David, the scathing irony of Elijah, the comforting words of Isaiah, the deep-toned voice of Peter, the gleaming utterances of Paul and the seraphic teachings of John thrill and charm and enchain us.

Search, ye that would know the secret of eloquence, and ye shall find truth to be the strength of the great classic speakers—truth, which Demosthenes, master of orators, flung as well-wrought gold into those still-resounding orations which outring the delighted wonder of the growing centuries and outlast the keenest examination of pitiless criticism. Search, and ye shall find truth, which Plato, Cicero and Quintilian declare to be the very throbbing,

informing life of all abiding and impulsive eloquence; truth, which Theremin makes the very virtue of eloquence; which Shedd in his scholarly, suggestive essays declares to be the very glory of noble speech; which Coleridge and Marsh, with Bacon, affirm to be the force and the fire of eloquence. Search, and you will find that the secret of eloquence is truth—truth, which makes Demosthenes grander than Æschines, Cicero than Hortensius, Massillon than Bossuet, Burke than Fox, Webster than Hayne, Gladstone than Disraeli. Search, and you shall find truth; truth, which alone can fill the good man, who only, according to Quintilian, has in him the possibility of the orator, with those heart-filling, commanding convictions that create the fiery energy of a Chatham and the resistless sweep of a Mirabeau; truth, which sneaking tricksters fear more than the surging mobs of their furious dupes, and tyrants hate more than the pointed steel of resolute patriots; truth, which freemen love like a mother's voice, and which heroic men crave after more than after Hebe's nectar.

And still, ye students of eloquence, that truth must be the very soul and substance of speech, else there can be no harmony of intellect, imagination, emotion and will, by which alone is secured the complex unity of high discourse; still truth must be the life of speech, else there can be no light-flooded reason, hence no healthy throb of strongly-beating heart, and hence no mighty surge of will whose tremendous forces and resistless activities whelm and bury the bad in darksome depths, and raise the good with glorious uplift to rest on eternal heights in victorious safety and reign calm and unchallenged benefactors and saviors of their kind.

How, you ask, shall we grow rich in truth, this roy-

alty of speech? Pursue the path just begun by you; walk forward, earnest, toiling, appreciative students, in the long-drawn and crowded halls and galleries of our own teeming English literature. Study all the writers you can, but see to it that ye live with, that you love with pure hearts fervently, only the truest of our English seers, those most noble souls who occupy our Olympic heights; and if ye make the truest your models, companions and masters, you will see and grasp truth, the truth will live within you; then soon the fire will burn and your tongue will speak the gleaming, glowing words that light and warm, that vivify and beautify.

II. The Expression of the Truth.

When the heart loves truth, soon the adequate and appropriate expression will become at once a necessity and an anxiety. Life is ever joined to organization in man's world; spirit is wedded to form: the idea must be embodied. That expression is the work and glory of the orator's art. The vision of beauty is unveiled before the painter's imaginative soul, the possible angel greets the musing sculptor from the huge rough marble block, witching tones of spirit-voices float around the delighted ears of the rapt musician; and Murillo and Raphael, Angelo and Thorwaldsen, Handel and Beethoven, embody in fitting artistic forms the truth within them, and the world gathers in moved delight and with wondering souls. The eloquent orator is brother in art to the painter, the sculptor, the poet and the musician; and the proof of his relationship lies in the appropriateness, vividness, exactness, rhythm and music of his cultured speech, for these constitute the form of beauty given by him to the truth that he has

felt or seen or heard. In that clothing of the ethereal essence with the fair and fitting body lies the art and skill—the painful labor, but the exhilarating joy—of the true prophet.

Teachers of your fellows, you have caught in your lonely hours and reverent thinking soul-ravishing views of purity, righteousness and charity; or you have heard the thousand varied voices of sky and sea and earth carolling, thundering, whispering, their mystic messages to your open hearts and responsive spirit; or, free-born, you have looked upon an avaricious Ahab in his tyrannous meanness, and have watched the confronting Elijah in all the glorious fearlessness of a God-fearing man; or, sympathetic, you have joined in jubilant youth's gleeful gladness, or you have sat in silent sorrow beside the desolate orphan's tear-drenched pillow; or, patriot-souled, you have beheld the down-trodden country rise in revolutionary wrath and with her broken fetters smite her despot dead, or you have in mournfulness marked a once-noble nation drifting through the mists of lies and over the treacherous seas of luxury to her eternal ruin; and now there lives within you some part of God's great truth, some fragment of God's great reality. You meditate upon this truth; it burns within you; you must speak it out; and speak it out you will, for you are now fitted to become preachers to men.

What now must ye preachers do? Seek "out acceptable words," and, as ye seek them, turn to our English stores. Seeking to be rich in speech, you will find that in the broad ocean of our English literature there are pearls of great price, our potent English words—words that are wizards more mighty than the old Scotch magician; words that are pictures bright and moving with all the coloring and

circumstance of life; words that go down the century like battle-cries; words that sob like litanies, sing like larks, sigh like zephyrs, shout like seas. Seek amid our exhaustless stores, and you will find words that flash like the stars of the frosty sky, or are melting and tender like Love's tear-filled eyes; words that are fresh and crisp like the mountain-breeze in autumn, or are mellow and rich as an old painting; words that are sharp, unbending and precise like Alpine needle-points, or are heavy and rugged like great nuggets of gold; words that are glittering and gay like imperial gems, or are chaste and refined like the face of a Muse. Search, and ye shall find words that crush like the battle-axe of Richard or cut like the scimitar of Solyman; words that sting like a serpent's fang or soothe like a mother's kiss; words that can unveil the nether depths of hell or point out the heavenly heights of purity and peace; words that can recall a Judas, words that reveal the Christ.

How shall we find these pearls of English speech —these words of potency that are to truth what fairest body is to finest soul?

Dig for them as for hidden treasures. The mines are near you, easily wrought, inexhaustible; and these mines—more precious to us than Ophir or Golconda —where you find the rarest jewels of truth set in the splendid forms of perfect words, are the thought-packed treasures, the moving life, the chaste beauty, the masterly strength, the reverent dignity, of our unsurpassed English literature. What a teeming, varied field of rich terms, of glorious forms, of glowing images, of melodious and majestic speech, of living and palpitating expressions and of exquisitely perfect style, opens to us in that realm where the

philosophic voices of Bacon, Hooker, Howe and Burke, where the laughing, satirical, cutting tones of Butler, Dryden and Swift, where the crackling wit of Goldsmith, Stern and Lamb, where the homely greetings of old Father Chaucer, the sweet songs of Spenser, the manly teachings of Bunyan, the terse Saxon of South, the polished periods of Pope and Addison, the alternating pathos and humor of Steele, the solemn musings of Wordsworth, all harmoniously mingle, and where the seraph-souled Milton and myriad-minded Shakespeare reign unchallenged as twin kings!

Here, then, you have to stir, enrich, control and cultivate your plastic minds a literature that embodies in the most perfect forms of Elizabethan words the peerless gentleness of a Sydney, the unquailing bravery of a Glanville, the quiet majesty of a Cecil, the dashing hardihood of a Raleigh and the sublime dignity of a Howard. What a rich field of supply is here! Here is a literature that is marked by terseness and clearness, by soberness and majesty, by sweetness and fulness of expression, never surpassed, rarely equalled. Here you have for your guidance and enrichment as speakers a field of literature marked in one department by the pureness, thoroughness and calmness of the sage who loves rich, deep, but strongly-ruled speech, and shuns with holy scorn all strain after the startling or striking; a literature marked in another department by the white glow of fiery zeal, the rapid rush of the dauntless will, and by the passionate, piercing cry of the deeply-stirred but despairing seer; a literature marked in another department by short, sharp sentences, by pointed antitheses, striking outbursts, flashing images. This is the literature that presents to you the gathered

wealth of the English tongue; and yet this vast and noble library into which I would introduce you, far from exhausting, only half reveals, the marvellous riches of that language whose inexhaustible stores and manifold resources scarcely one amid a thousand speakers ever more than touches. Before us stands a grand instrument of countless strings, of myriad notes and keys, and we are content with some few hundreds, and these not the purest, richest, deepest, sweetest. If you would be strong of speech, master more of these notes; let your vocabulary be rich, varied, pure, and proportionate will be your power and attractiveness as speakers. I would have you deeply impressed by the force, fulness and flexibility of our noble tongue, where, if anywhere, the gigantic strength of thought and truth is wedded to the seraphic beauty of perfect utterance. I would have you fling yourselves unhesitatingly out into this great fresh sea, like bold swimmers into the rolling waves of ocean: it will make you healthy, vigorous, supple and equal to a hundred calls of duty; I would have you cherish sacredly this goodly heritage, won by centuries of English thought and countless lives of English toil; I would have you jealous, like the apostle over the Church, over these pure wells of English undefiled. Degrade not our sacred tongue by slang; defile not its crystal streams with the foul waters of careless speech; honor its stern old parentage; obey its simple yet severe grammar; watch its perfect rhythm, and never mix its blue blood—the gift of noblest sires—with the base puddle of any mongrel race. Never speak half the language of Ashdod and half of Canaan, but be ye of a pure English lip.

Ye who would be real prophets, join the exactest thought to the most exquisite terms. See in the

clearest light. Hold with firmest grip exactly what that light reveals, and then, like a Murillo true to his Madonna-vision, and like an Angelo true to his ideal Moses, seek the one exact expression that will be for your hearers the exhaustive embodiment of that unveiled reality.

All this word-hunting, word-choosing, style-marking and mending, means toil, hard and unwearying; but we have started with sacred truth as the substance of speech, and truth beloved ever spurs forward in the race after excellence in expression. As the image of Minerva rising before the Greek, of Isis rising before the Egyptian, of Wisdom before the Hebrew, made each earnest in the portrayal, so Truth rising up within you will move to tireless labor that you may find for her fitting forms; and if words be indeed the vestments of Truth, we shall see that they are exquisitely fitting and worthy of the goddess, for Truth is too dear and sacred to be shown in rags or soiled garments. Conscience in the seeking means conscience in the speaking of the truth.

Yes, it means conscience, further, in the showing forth of the truth; and here we reach, thirdly, the action that makes the speech living and telling.

III. The Elocution.

The message is found, acceptable words have clothed it, style and form of expression have been carefully considered: what remains? The elocution that makes the message tell with all possible power. You must now speak out your message with an utterance and an action perfectly befitting the truth and its artistic form, and then you will have made it a resistless potency. *Let the man act out his theme.*

These words of light, thus spoken, will be conquerors.

Potency links itself with personality—with the living, moving, sympathetically and harmoniously acting man. And if the uttered truth, if the cultured speech, shall have its fullest possible power and win its grandest victories, the man himself—yes, the whole man, throbbing with sympathy and palpitating with life—must be an additional expression, a veritable embodiment, of the truth spoken. The whole man can be made to speak; eyes, face, hands, body, limbs—yes, the very color and breath—can speak; and they shall, and must, be made to speak if there is to be potent speech and perfect oratory. I have studied eager men in a street-wrangle; I have watched playing children in their dramatic imitations of their elders and superiors; I have closely observed for ninety-five minutes a "passion preacher" of the famous Dominicans; and with the keenest delight I have beheld what a sympathetic, harmonious speech the pliant and graceful body can make. How expressive of various thought this wondrous form can be! Who does not know the Frenchman's shrug, the marvellous pliancy of the Italian's fingers, the humorous play of the Irishman's face, the regal dignity of the Spaniard's bow, the sturdy defiance of the Briton's folded arms, the impudent independence of "Young America's" akimbo, and the careless swing of "Jack ashore"? What meaning in the tottering and feeble steps of an outcast Lear, in the stealthy footfall of a jealous Othello, in the resolute stride of a defiant Macbeth, and in the slow, hesitating motion of a broken-hearted Ophelia! How easily and quickly the hands will reveal the suspicious thoughts of Hamlet watching the conscience-stricken

King, show the wild despair of the blood-stained Lady Macbeth, tell the pleading pathos of Milton's Eve, the tender clasp of a mother's love or the imperious repulse of righteous wrath! How quickly eyes and face will tell either the scathing flash of hate or pity's melting mood! The whole man can thus be made to speak with harmonious appropriateness and graceful force. But if so, this whole man must be taught, trained, exercised, till, his native faults removed, his native excellences developed, the orator is unconsciously artistic in his action and artistically unconscious of his action. Diligent teaching and patient perseverance in study and in practice are to this important end absolutely indispensable.

Joined to this expressive play of feature and of form must be the well-developed, highly-exercised, carefully-educated power of a trained and well-ruled voice. Nothing to the speaker so important as a flexible, well-modulated, untiring, full-compassed voice; and nothing more than the voice repays care and cultivation. No carelessness as to articulation or accentuation should be for one moment tolerated by the honest student of this splendid art. In articulation strive to unite strength and beauty—the strength of consonantal distinctness and accurate pronunciation with the beauty of the vowel's roundness, fulness and sweetness. Strive that your speech bewray you not, but be cosmopolitan in your pronunciation and intonation. Seize the special strength and the special beauty of special lands—the potent gutturals and well-trilled *r*'s of Germany and Scotland, the deep chest-voice and manly organ-notes of burly England, the soft, wooing sweep of the Italian's vowels, the clear, ear-catching syllabification of the Spaniard, the crisp notes of the Frenchman, and the

Norseman's consonantal power. Aim at a cultured, varied speech which shall combine and harmonize the billowy roll of the cultivated and travelled Irishman, the low cadences and lute-like softness of the high-bred English girl, and the clear, exact, sharp rhythmic tones of our own educated countrywomen, and you have gained an utterance that will sway by its strength and woo and captivate by its sweetness. I plead earnestly for the careful and sacred conservation of the old classic, round-toned speech of cultured Philadelphians, which, with that of Stamford, Inverness and Boston, has ever seemed to me the perfection of spoken English.

Would you know what is perfect in action, study the finest statuary and the truest painting; and carefully mark how a Milton or a Shakespeare depicts his varied characters in varied moods. Would you know what is perfect in tone, study music; train your own ear to nice discriminations; hear and critically watch the most finished speakers who have made an honest study of this most difficult but most delightful art.

All this excellence demands work continuous and conscientious. And why not give yourselves hard work? Whoso takes up voluntarily the position of a public teacher is summoned by the imperial voice of Duty to give his best thoughts in their best form to that public whom he asks to listen to him, and therefore he should toil to make his speech forceful through truth like the flooding sea, fresh and attractive in its beauty of form like the early dew.

Make, then, ye ingenuous youths, ye ardent students of this wondrous power and high art of the eloquent orator—make, ye richly-blessed and deeply-responsible children of our grand republic,—make

truth your first aim both as to matter and as to manner. Remember that speech of truth and truth in speech is the very life-blood of republics. Search the histories of the vanished democracies of classic or mediæval days, and a thousand facts will start up, large-bodied and clear-voiced, to testify that in the breezy hours when truth was dearly loved, boldly told and treasured more than gleaming gems, Freedom's house, rock-bound, defied every storm; and crowding proofs, shameful and sickening, declare that riot, rottenness and ruin came when the truth was lost, and the lie, albeit fair-faced, smooth-tongued, glittering in garb, triumphed. Children of this grand Commonwealth, remember that speech without the salt of truth is a pestilent poison, but that speech strong in reality, grand through truth, is a tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nation. And we of all folks must have such speech. Peoples there may be who, to use Shakespeare's words, are content to wallow among the lily-beds of sweetness, but sons of Pym and Hampden, of Grattan and Flood, of Knox and Melville, of Luther and Zwingle, must climb the steep mountain-side, and stand in the clear mid-air, and bathe in the pure white light, and rejoice in the full breeze—yea, even stormy wind—of reality and truth.

Workers for a splendid republic, which is—if ever one on earth justified Hobbes's definition of a republic—an aristocracy of orators, ye are passing out from your studies to be leaders in this aristocracy which has produced its kings like Patrick Henry and Clay and Webster. Remember, teachers of America's Anglo-Saxon youth, pleaders before America's Anglo-Saxon bench, poets for America's Anglo-Saxon hearts, preachers to America's Anglo-Saxon congregations, leaders of America's Anglo-Saxon world,—

remember that truth, clothed in cultured, graceful, well-spoken speech, will alone master and mould, will alone satisfy and charm, will alone uphold and advance, that splendid, wilful, richly-gifted, keenly-sensitive folk with whom ye have to do. Be it yours, then, to resolve, aim, labor, that with intellect aflame, heart aglow, will astir, your whole being alive and active, ye will speak out sweetly, gracefully, strongly, that truth God shall lend to you; and then ye shall be burning and shining lights, symbols and servants of Him who was the Light of the world and spake as never did man.